



# He was fire.



42 5 11

## Chapter 1 by Charles Chu

He was fire.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



She was... right, I knew you were going to say water. But she wasn't water. She was also fire. But they were separated by an inestimable gulf. Two raging bonfires on opposite ends of an ocean.

It all began at a party I was invited to in Sydney.

## Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



God, telling you about my job as a fulltime firefighter is going to make this metaphor super ironic, isn't it? Goddamn it. I'm not an English major, alright? Let me just tell you this story straight, no tricks or techniques.

See, I'm not really a party guy. I liked hanging around the firehouse for as long as I could. So why am I currently working as a supermarket attendant? And why am I telling you this very long story in the thirty minutes that I have for break in a convoluted manner? Can't you just be quiet for a second and let me finish?

Anyway.

I didn't like parties, no less ones that took place in completely different countries. No, sir - I was staying firmly placed in America. What I didn't expect was for my friend to bring the party to me.

*More specifically, to my firehouse.*

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